

# YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS CURED

Of Deafness, Bronchial Diseases, Stomach Diseases, Liver and Kidney Disorders and Other Real Sickness. People Whom You Can See and Talk with and Whose Testimony is Direct, Positive, Emphatic and True, and Prompted Solely to Benefit Others.

## IF YOU ARE AFFLICTED INVESTIGATE

The testimonials that are published in these columns today are testimonials that "testify." They mean something. They tell of your suffering from REAL SICKNESS. These people describe in their own language the particulars of their affliction, and of their vain efforts to obtain relief from other sources. They tell of the complete, perfect and permanent cures accomplished by Dr. Ramsey. They are honest, conscientious and trust worthy people, who, if you call upon or write them, will cheerfully verify the truth of their published statements.

### BRONCHIAL CATARRH CURED.

Mr. Phil Harbrook, 127 Cuyahoga st., Akron, O.: "I was the new treatment that Dr. Ramsey had given did for me. I had catarrh, just as hundreds of others have it, and I don't need to describe it. I did not, however, go to Dr. Ramsey until the disease had begun to extend into my bronchial tubes. I had a hacking cough which annoyed me at night, became short of breath and raised large quantities of mucus. What I have to say is this: The treatment seemed to exactly fit my case. It stopped the hacking cough, relieved the difficulty in breathing, built up my general health, and made me a well man once more.

### RINGING NOISES AND

### DEAFNESS CURED.

W. A. Harrington, Goodland, Ind., writes: Dr. W. C. Ramsey, Akron, O. Dear Sir: I have been a sufferer from the terrible affliction, deafness and ringing noises. Your treatment stopped the ringing in my ears and I can hear as well as ever. I most certainly will do all I can to induce



MASTER BATHORY.

Mrs. Thomas Bathory, No. 710 Jackson st., Akron, O.: In speaking in regard to her little boy, now 7 years of age, she said: "My little boy has been unhealthily all his life; he was always poor in flesh, and so very nervous and restless, he never was the proper color, always so pale and lifeless looking. When but five months old, one of his eyes became sore, then ran out in a chronic stage of ulceration, and has kept up ever since. At times it was much worse than others, and each spell got worse and worse, and at one time he could scarcely see any distance. I tried remedies and treatments in vain, and was about discouraged when I took him to Dr. Ramsey.

To-day, his eye is apparently well; his appetite is good; he has a good, healthy color; in fact, he is healthy and sound, rests well all night, and

never looked so well in his life. If any doubt the reliability of this testimonial, they are perfectly welcome to call at my residence and see for themselves.

### DEAFNESS AND DISCHARGING EARS CURED.

Mrs. A. A. Koplon, 232 South Howard st., Akron, O.: I was afflicted with Catarrh and Deafness in my right ear for four years; had one abscess after another in my ear all winter. It kept up a constant discharge, and I lost the hearing entirely in that ear. I also suffered many of the unpleasant symptoms of catarrh. Under a course of treatment with Dr. Ramsey, my hearing is restored and catarrh cured.

### DEAFNESS CURED BY HOME TREATMENT.

P. A. Good, of Kallido, writes: Dr. W. C. Ramsey, Akron, O.: I have used most of my month's treatment that you sent me for deafness, and am well pleased with the results. I can say that my hearing has been fully restored. Thanking you for the good you have done me, I remain, yours truly, P. A. GOOD, Kallido, O.

Call on or address

### The Ramsey Medical Institute

W. C. Ramsey, M.D., Consulting Physician.

Rooms 411 to 413

Everett Block, Akron, Ohio.

Office open only three days a week

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

Mr. Betz's family were F. Betz of

Milwaukee, Ill. Mrs. Perry Ware of Hamletown, O. G. H. of this place and D. O. of Akron, O. The grandchildren were treated to a beautiful Christmas tree.

Miss Craney, our teacher here the past term, will be succeeded by W. H. Winter of Norton Center.

BENSON.

CLINTON.

Wm. Frase of Lenox, Ashtabula county, is visiting his mother and other relatives in this vicinity.

Fred, Curtis and his wife and Samuel Holcomb, wife and daughter of Akron, spent Christmas with their parents, C. P. Riss and wife.

Joe Smith and wife of Akron and Mrs. Kate Smith and grand-daughter, Mrs. J. Smith, resided at Wm. J. Smith's residence.

Harry Mills, Mr. Gleghorn and Wm. Donnemiller and families of Akron at their Christmas turkey at the home of their wives' mother, Mrs. Minnie Schmidt.

E. S. Rhoades of Tallmadge and Joe Rhoades of Akron, are spending their vacation with their parents, P. W. Rhoades and wife.

Mr. Springer, wife and child of Columbus, are visiting with John O. Webb, north of town.

Mr. Kuehn and family of Bedford, spent Christmas with Mrs. T. D. Williams.

Harvey Shank and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Kapp of Orrville, visited relatives here recently.

Maude Dowell of Canal Fulton, is visiting her parents, Mrs. Chas. Shank.

Mrs. H. A. Hosenauer and daughter, Fannie, spent Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. C. N. Church, and family of Canton. Her two grandchildren, Margaret and Burton, spent Christmas with her.

D. W. Eby and family is spending the holidays with Aunt relatives, Thomas Ellis of Warwick, was in Akron recently.

Fred Deutsch was in Akron on business Saturday.

The teachers of Franklin township will hold an institute at this place on the 12th and 13th of January.

A prominent educator will address the meeting at each session.

The pupils of the village schools are enjoying a week's vacation. Last Friday the pupils of the High school presented Prof. Heininger with a beautiful picture, and the assistant teacher, Miss Laura Berlyng with a gold pen. The primary and intermediate teachers also received beautiful gifts from their pupils, as tokens of respect and honor.

WESTERN STAR.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan De Vos, who has been living on the Frank Mills' farm, will move to a farm near Rittman in the spring.

Mr. Clarence Ott and Miss Elva Trevitt were married last Saturday by Rev. B. Hushour at the parsonage, New Portage; we wish them success and happiness.

James Harter had a sale last week. He will move to a smaller farm near Loyal Oak some time in the future.

RICHFIELD.

Mr. Howard Humphrey and Mrs. L. E. Humphrey, his mother, have just returned from a visit to Kokomo, and Ellwood, Indiana. They were very much interested in some of the things they saw while there, especially the manufacture of plate glass, window glass and lamp chimneys. Ellwood has the largest tin plate plant in the United States.

A SURE CURE FOR CROUP.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use Without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in the broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by all druggists. E. Steinbacher & Co., wholesale agents.

All these they mention as being very interesting.

A new doctor is coming to our village. He has bought Mr. P. L. Allen's residence for his home; will not move until the first of March.

The G. A. R. will hold their installation of officers next Saturday afternoon at Grand Army Hall. Their families are invited to be present.

Henry Grenesle's family is in quarantine from scarlet fever.

Mrs. B. S. Braddock and her son Everett are getting ready to go to California to join Mr. Braddock who went there some time ago to enter into business.

Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Linderman are visiting relatives here.

The Ladies of The Macabees are to have a public installation. They expect Lady Oida to be present.

Miss Stella Humphrey is home for a vacation of two weeks. She is attending school in Columbus.

The Richfield Grange will hold their next meeting Saturday afternoon, Dec. 30, at S. S. Clark's.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best medicine for sore throat, laryngitis, quincy or tonsillitis. Every drop of it soothes and heals. A twenty-five cent bottle of this wonderful remedy will cure a cough or cold in one day.

MUNROE FALLS.

Mrs. Cowan gave a Christmas dinner Monday to John and Harry Lindsey of Michigan; Verd Shakespear of this place; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Chase, Buchanan and wife of Cuyahoga Falls; George Hewitt, wife and two boys, and a number of others. They all left late in the evening, wishing Mrs. Cowan and Miss Julia Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Mrs. Julia Hewitt had her annual Christmas dinner on Sunday, her entire family being present.

J. A. Eble and family of Hartsville spent Christmas with Mr. E's mother and sister, Master Harry expects to spend his vacation with his aunt, Mrs. C. Hopwood.

The mill was closed Christmas, giving the employees a chance to enjoy themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jewett took dinner at Akron with Mrs. Hill, a sister of Mrs. Jewett.

Otto Uplinger and Carl Read are home from the Telegraphic school at Hicksville.

Mr. Milligan, the P. & W. agent spent Christmas at Elwood, Pa., his home.

Shakespeare, Archie Haynes and Stanley Harris sang a number of their best songs at the store Christmas which were greatly enjoyed by the audience of 25. Mr. Haynes also played a few selections on his guitar.

McCracken has two fine Jersey cows for sale cheap.

J. W. Spriggle expects to go to Toledo next week to enter the employ of W. J. Rattle as an inspector.

Local scholars have a vacation this week.

There was a quiet wedding at Nick Snowberger's last Wednesday evening, their daughter, Lillie, being married to William Frew, of North Lawrence. Only the family were present. The best wishes go with the bride and groom.

DOYCESTOWN.

Miss Jessie Galehouse returned home last week from a ten days' visit in Cleveland.

Mr. William Miller and wife were the guests of Akron friends last Thursday.

Miss Tena Weinsheimer spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weinsheimer.

Miss Anna Slanker was the guest of Mrs. H. A. Hosenauer and daughter, Fannie, spent Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. C. N. Church, and family of Canton. Her two grandchildren, Margaret and Burton, spent Christmas with her.

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That's What They Call It.

"Papa, what is broadmindedness?" "Agreeing with headstrong people when you know they are wrong."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Simply Killing.

Miss Tipit—Yes, dear, we are both strangely beautiful, but I think you will admit that mine is of the most deadly, fatal order!—Ally Sloper.

The choral service was first used in England at Canterbury in 677.

## THE COOK WHO NEVER CAME.

At a dinner given last week by Mrs. John Judson at the Paradise Park Hotel, the cook who never came was the subject of much conversation. It was a notable feast; but more notable was the conversation which followed. The occasion at Mr. Judson's expense than he altogether relished. And there was more or less constraint between Mr. Judson and Samuel Parker, although Mr. Parker did his best to be conciliatory and signed his affidavit that the next time he was caught at large without his spectacles he would submit to arrest as a public nuisance.

Mr. Parker is nearsighted almost to blindness, and it was the breakage of his spectacles, in combination with his deafness, which nearly caused a rupture in his friendship with Mr. Judson.

Without his spectacles all counts look alike to Mr. Parker, and likewise any form of dress in skirts represents a female person of undoubted loveliness, which, when you come to think of it, is more in the nature of a blessing than of an affliction.

It happened that the Judsons' colored cook left suddenly on the morning of the dinner party, and Mr. Judson found himself obliged to select another cook at the intelligence bureau and to bring her home with him. That was Mrs. Judson's strictest injunction—to bring her home with him.

Mr. Judson took great pains in the selection of the new cook, who was Irish, and he rather flattered himself that he had acquired the real thing in the cook line.

Paradise Park is reached by the Harlem railroad, and Mr. Judson and his family were obliged to board a crowded trolley car on their way to the station. In the push he discovered his friend Mr. Parker comfortably seated and squinting vacantly ahead because of having smashed his special spectacles that morning.

"Hello, Parker," said Mr. Judson loudly, turning his friend on the shoulder.

"Why, Judson, how do you do?" replied Mr. Parker genially. Then Mr. Parker realized that Mr. Judson was accompanied by a female. She wore tall, black, waving plumes and a most impressive white front and was typical to all eyes but Mr. Parker's kind ones. He gallantly arose and offered her his seat. Then he looked inquiringly at Mr. Judson.

"She is my new cook," explained Mr. Judson as quietly as possible into Mr. Parker's nearest and dearest ear.

"I beg pardon?" said Mr. Parker blandly.

"This is my cook, Parker," repeated Mr. Judson hurriedly.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mrs. McCook," returned Mr. Parker, politely raising his hat. "Pray be seated for ladies to be seated," he continued smiling. "You must have a hard time keeping your precious silk lined skirts in order. But perhaps you belong to a Don't Worry club and are a really true philosopher, like most of the ladies these days."

Mr. Parker's department would have been marked ten in any class in civility, and plainly the cook was somewhat stupefied, though flattered. In the confusion of taking the seat she hadn't noticed the error made by Mr. Parker as to her name, though the nearest to the new club, then, and aware of the blinking gentleman's blunder. She vaguely moved her lips as Mr. Parker looked to her for reply, and that gentleman, loath to admit his affliction, affected to understand and went right on with the conversation.

"We hope to see you at the dinner tonight," he remarked.

"Oh?" said Mr. Parker. "Oh, yes, yes; we'll meet at the dinner tonight. Charming! I presume that Mr. McCook is interested in the new club, then, and is going to join?"

"And Mrs. Judson gives such delightful dinners," he continued confidentially.

"The goddess of my kitchen is a black diamond. I think myself that Judson must be a member of the new club, then, and interested, don't you know. And, besides, the Irish girl always develops such a shocking bad temper at the most unfortunate times. Ha, ha!"

Now, the cook's ideas had been concealing slowly. At first she had been flattered immensely by the polite gentleman's condescension; then, when he spoke of her joining a club, she grew suspicious. Was he making game of her, or were these respectable people? But there could be no doubt whatever about Mr. Parker's sentiments as to Irish cooks. How dared he insult her! The likes of him—

A wild gleam came into her eye. "An Irish girl to compare to honest Oldish Jack with a nagar! How dare ye! An Irish girl, is it? Shure, divil's a mollder-timber side of ye the wather thin me own, though O! say it that shouldn't!"

Mr. Judson looked horribly to strangle his friend Parker. Everybody was listening and smiling. Mr. Parker looked as if he had been robbed of his consciousness, almost, by the lady's sudden and violent outbreak.

"Why, Mrs. McCook?" he began.

"What d'ye mean be callin me out o' me name?" she broke in. "Me name's Catherine Rollyan. O! me no cook win O! me out o' the kitchen, an be the same thing it'll not be in yer kitchen O! I shup me fat, sir, to be incoated be yer friends," she wrathfully finished, looking at the helpless Mr. Judson.

She bounced up and pushed her way to the door. Everybody laughed. Mr. Judson gazed stonily out of the window for a minute, ignoring poor Mr. Parker, who was in that state of collapse who could have bought him for a copper.

Then, with a scorching look at his distressed friend, Mr. Judson broke away and left the car.

That night a caterer served the dinner. Mrs. Judson heartlessly told the story to her guests, adding much thereby to the success of the entertainment and the discomfort of Mr. Judson.

Mr. Parker promised to go into solitary confinement until he hears from his optician.—New York Press.

Mutually Helpful.

Husband—Smile, your wife is away, and I'm going over there this evening to cheer her up.

Wife—Why don't you bring him here? Husband—Well, er—I'm not feeling very well and need a little cheering up myself.—New York Weekly.

Still Insat.

"That must be a divided family." "How's that?"

"Why, they say there are two half brothers and one half sister."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One would better be trustful of 60 friends who are false than doubtful of one who is true. Suspicion and super-sensitiveness are at once the badges and the bane of a little soul.

The choral service was first used in England at Canterbury in 677.

## An Unrecorded Battle

Rodney Fordyce and Muriel Hardcastle stood facing each other in a little rustic summer house on the Hardcastle plantation. It was at the beginning of the civil war, and the girl was eagerly discussing the burning question of the hour. Her companion, however, took so little interest that she looked at him inquiringly.

"Rarely, Rodney, you intend to enlist?" "To enlist?" she echoed dully. "Why, Muriel, darling, I do not feel as you do. Besides, the sight of blood sickens me—how could I fight, and how could I leave you?"

"Is short," interrupted Muriel sharply. "You are a coward, a traitor to the south. A coward," she repeated scornfully. "I could never love a coward."

"Have a care!" cried the man in a strange, choked voice. "Do not repeat that word! If you were a man, I would kill you!" Muriel shrank back, appalled at the storm she had raised in her lover's breast. He turned quickly away, but paused to open the door. "Goodby, Muriel," he said brokenly, all the fierceness gone from his voice. "I will enlist to-morrow."

She sprang after him, a new light shining in her dark eyes, and ere she perceived certain vines had fallen from his hands, she had thrown her arms about his neck in a perfect abandon of love and pride.

When he left her to make his preparations for joining the army, he carried with him her promise to marry him as soon as the war was over. "And that will not be long, dear," Muriel said hopefully, "for the Confederacy will soon be established and then—we will never come back. And should you never come back, I will be your widow as truly as if I had been your wife, and will remain so until death unites my spirit to yours."

These assurances should have satisfied Rodney, and did for awhile. But when he learned that Muriel's father, Muriel's cousin, who had been an unsuccessful soldier in the north and had gone into the army at the first call, had returned home severely wounded, his jealous fears awoke. Muriel would help to nurse him; her soft fingers would dress his wound; she would pity him, and he would have the best of opportunities of renewing his love. Rodney told himself that he trusted Muriel implicitly, and yet the thought of her companionship with Muriel haunted him day and night and made his life a burden.

The day of his first battle arrived. Rodney was sickened by the wholesale slaughter in the middle of the day. He was now plunged. At first he turned faint and could scarcely keep his seat on the horse, for there was blood, blood everywhere. Great streams of it began to flow for the fight was fierce and hard pushed—glory was vividly red where the sun shone upon it or creeping in its dark, mysterious line where the thick foliage of the trees cast a deep shadow over it. But though there was great carnage that day, and Rodney Fordyce was constantly in the thick of the fight, he came out of the battle unscathed, well, said.

And yet he had courted the bullets of the enemy and longed for a thrust of a bayonet—not that he longed to die, or even thought it possible that he could be killed; but if he were wounded he would be secure for Muriel to nurse.

But the battle was over, and he came out of it unscathed. That night Rodney, in company with one Allan Winslow, started out to deliver important dispatches to a camp some miles overland by crossing a river, when Winslow, who knew the country well, said:

"There may be spies on the cliffs who could pick us off as easily as a dog kills a lamb." As he spoke his saddle turned, and he had to dismount to tighten the girth.

"Hide on, Fordyce," he said, "and I'll catch up directly. Keep a sharp lookout."

Suddenly Rodney felt that his opportunity had come. His companion had been looking on the cliffs, ready to shoot them. Could he not, before he joined him, inflict a wound on himself which would make his arm useless and the truth never be discovered?

Remember, you who read this story, that this man was not in a normal condition; he was terribly unbalanced by the day's fighting and the fear of losing the woman he adored had warped his better judgment. A devil was before him tempting and alluring him with enticing visions. He fought against this evil power, but he struggled grew weaker.

He glanced back. Winslow was still working at his saddle, and he was, to all intent, alone. He swiftly drew a revolver from his pocket and, holding out his arm, took aim. His finger closed on the trigger. In another second the bullet would have been suddenly imbedded in his flesh. But suddenly a voice called to his side, there was a whir, and the revolver, flashing in the bright sunlight, went flying through the air and fell in a wilderness of undergrowth beyond the pass.

At the moment when Rodney's fingers were ready to press the trigger he heard the voice of Muriel as distinctly as if it were close to his ear. Her proud, young voice rang out, blotting out time and distance. "I could never love a coward!"

Then Rodney realized that he had been saved as by a miracle from becoming a creature worthy of the scorn of her whom he loved above all others.

Brief had been the conflict, but the victory was great. Cowardice dropped, like a discarded mantle, from the soul of this young soldier; leniency toward his flesh, mind, and a tender trust supplanted and he rode out of the pass determined that nothing should ever tempt him to barter away his manhood.

Often in after years, when seated at his own fireside, Rodney Fordyce would relate tales of battles in which he had taken part to his wife Muriel. But of the battle fought that memorable day in his own breast he has never spoken. That victory marked the turning point in his life, and made him the brave, courageous man whose name since proved himself to be.—Chicago News.

Under Favorable Conditions.

Flunk—That man Flinter has a wonderful command of language. "Thank—indeed he has. I dropped into his home one day when he was trying to put up a stovepipe."—Ohio State Journal.

Around at Last.

Some wives never pay much attention to what their husbands say until they begin to talk in their sleep.—Philadelphia Record.

A Critic's Opinion.

Little Elmer—Pa, what is brute force? Pa—It's something Boston poets call to their aid when they make banner rhyme with hosanna.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Do you regard a standing army as a public danger?" asked the man who precipitates inopportune discussions.

"I don't believe there is any such thing," answered the Filipino soldier. "All the armies I ever saw were going at full speed. It was all I could do to keep ahead of 'em."—Washington Star.

## The Frenchman Smiled.

"Pardon me, but why do you wear so piece of meat on your eye?" inquired the French scholar of the governor of New York.

The latter had just been illustrating his views on strenuous life by receiving a damaging blow from his boxing master's fist.

"Because of the blow," replied the governor.

The Frenchman looked puzzled. Then he smiled. "Ah, I see!" he cried. "Eet ees a bistek!"

And he gravely set it